

Tom Waits, Downtown

Red pants and the sugarman in the temple street gloom,

drinkin' chivas regal in a four dollar room,
just another dead soldier in a powder blue night,
sugarman says baby everything's alright,
goin' downtown down downtown.

Montclair de havelin doin' the st. vitus dance,
lookin' for someone to chop the lumber in his pants,
how am i gonna unload all of this ice and all this mink,
all the traffic in the street but it's so hard to think,
goin' downtown down downtown.

Frankie's wearin' lipstick pierre cardin,
i swear to god i seen him holdin' hands with jimmy bond,
sally's high on crank and hungry for some sweets,
she's fem in the sheets but she's butch in the streets,
goin' downtown down downtown.

It's the cool of the evening the sun's goin' down,
i want to hold you in my arms i want to push you around,
i want to break your bottle and spill out all your charms,
come on baby we'll set off all the burglar alarms,
goin' downtown down downtown.

Red pants and the sugarman in the temple street gloom,
drinkin' chivas regal in a four dollar room,
just another dead soldier in a powder blue night,
red pants turns to sugarman and says everything's alright,
goin' downtown down downtown.